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# A World Of Hpeo And Destruction



fantasy

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## Chapter 1 by NotoriousNaga

It used to be pretty outside. That's what you recall at least. Now the sky was a dark and gloomy grey that never left. It stayed like that for days, months, years, centuries even. Generations were born without the knowledge of the sun and moon, of the stars and planets. Your generation had long died, humans now just shadows of who they used to be. Literally. Instead of their once notorious colors, they all slowly became a dull and hideous gray, almost matching the gloom above. Some called it smog, some called it just eternal clouds, some didn't care. Some went as far as to call it a curse from the gods.

You didn't believe in any of that. Because you already knew the answer.

Your name is Ali Niave Duani, and you are the single oldest being in the world. You were born on a planet that had a shining, bright blue sky that rarely held white tufts of moisture that dotted it. The 'sun', a bright pinprick in the sky, would 'rise' and 'set' for what 12 'hours', called a 'day', and then it disappeared for another 12 or so hours, called 'night', where a different pinprick, called the 'moon', reigned.

But that doesn't matter anymore, does it?

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